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GLEANINGS  
*from*  
AUSTRALASIAN  
VERSE

LOVE POEMS



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Gleanings from  
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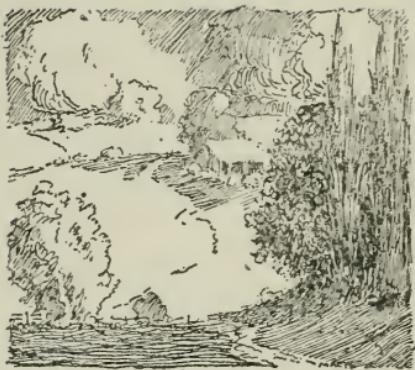
POEMS OF  
MANHOOD

POEMS OF NATURE

LOVE POEMS

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Other Volumes in Preparation



# Gleanings from Australasian Verse



## Love Poems

Gathered by

Mary E. Wilkinson

Author of "Whither?," "The Lie,"  
"Via Pacis"



WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED  
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## *DROSS AND GOLD*

*"Life is dross, but Love is gold!"  
So, throughout the numbered days,  
Mine to keep and thine to hold,  
Be it as the Master says.*

*Clean-intentioned; each to each  
Shall a Staff of Travel be,  
Down the Roadway to the Beach  
Of the tideless, timeless Sea.*

*Down the Roadway of the years  
Till our Web of Life is spun,  
Ours the laughter and the tears;  
Ours the cream of cloud and sun.*

*Some there be who place and gain  
Reckon over and above;  
Some there be who joy and pain  
Weigh in equal scales—of Love:*

*Those shall be as they were not,  
At the Road-end by the Shore;  
These, who lost and who forgot  
Shall have triumphed evermore.*

*E. J. Brady*

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## FOREWORD

To every man and woman who is a lover of art, as well as of humanity, every poem of genuine inspiration is a Love Poem, and this volume of the series of "GLEANINGS FROM AUSTRALASIAN VERSE" deserves the title no more truly than most of the others, if we may permit ourselves to take the larger view. However, the lesser love, where it is worthy of the name at all, may typify the greater, and the majority of the poems included in this little book deal with that phase of human experience which is generally understood to be represented by the word—the love of man and woman.

Though this particular volume has been pronounced by several competent critics who have looked through the manuscript as distinctly one of the best in the series, there are two or three poems absent—through copyright restrictions—which, if included, would, in my opinion, make the book a genuine anthology of Australasian Love Poems.

Australians interested in the history of Australasian poetry are inclined to regard a certain publication by a gentleman who "left his country for his country's good" as the earliest extant example of the muse's activity within our shores. This claim is not unchallenged, as the following gentle verses, penned—or chiselled—by one of our country's earliest inhabitants, and translated by the Rev. Arthur North, are said to have a prior title. I am indebted to Dr. Isidore Kozminsky for permission to quote them, and include them here as a literary (!) curiosity:—

### THE MAN FROM JUMBARRA.

---

This is the song of the man from Jumbarra,  
How he won his bride, the sweet Kooniwarra.

When made a man, and starting in life,  
I looked all around to find a wife.  
There was none in Jumbarra, so, under the moon,  
With spear and shield to the tribe Congoon,  
I went as a man from Jumbarra  
And chose the beautiful Kooniwarra.

---

## *Foreword*

---

But her father mocked me and called me brine,  
And said the maid should never be mine.  
“Come and steal her, O man from far Jumbarra:  
Come, take if you can sweet Kooniwarra.  
But mind, we have waddies and jagged spears,  
And we laugh when a tortured man sheds tears!”

Then I watched her father night and day,  
Till I saw him go by himself away,  
As he aimed at a ‘possum I aimed at his head  
With my bird-stick. He fell as if he were dead!  
When he woke he was bound by the man from Jumbarra,  
The man who wanted his Kooniwarra.

I dragged him to where the red ants make  
Their nests, and tied each hand to a stake.  
I bound each foot, then stamped on the bed  
Till his body with stinging ants was red.  
Then I shouted: “I’ll get your waddies and spears,  
And I laugh, now a tortured man sheds tears!”

I went to his mia mia, killed all but one,  
His lubra, his piccaninnies, his first-born son.  
I took all his waddies, and jagged spears,  
And I laughed as in dead eyes I saw the tears.  
But the beautiful maiden—the Kooniwarra,  
Is my lubra now. I’m the man from Jumbarra.”

I will leave the critics to comment upon the lyric and other qualities of this “love-song.”

For permission to use poems included in this volume I am indebted to The Proprietors of *The Bulletin*, The Proprietors of *The Lone Hand*, A. G. Stephens, Esq., The Proprietors of *The Triad*, Messrs. Massina and Co., The Australasian Authors’ Agency, The Proprietors of *The Australasian*, and The Proprietors of *Life*.

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# LOVE POEMS

## RECOMPENSE

Among the flowers she slowly grew;  
Like them she felt the stir of Spring,  
Like them she took the sun and dew  
And yearned towards blossoming.

She wondered dimly at her heart,  
It was so very young and still.  
Love had not touched her with his smart—  
Love that but wakes to kill!

I watched her peering up at life,  
Hidden among her lilies tall,  
How could she guess the eager strife  
That hurtled past the wall?

I loved her; I could only wait;  
So much her soul was empty of,  
I did not dare to desecrate  
That quiet heart with love!

Then one strode by with song and shout;  
Over the wall his laughter came.  
She shivered in a sudden doubt—  
Then all her heart was flame!

He triumphed towards her; in affright  
She saw the flowers about her laid.  
Uneasy, like a flickering light,  
Before his will she swayed.

---

*Love Poems*

---

He snared her with a sudden kiss,  
And with a half-fear wholly sweet  
Her tender heart in trembling bliss  
She laid at his rough feet!

He bruised her wantonly, and yet  
She kissed the hands that wounded her.  
She was too happy to regret  
The silences that were!

He stormed her heart. She laughed; it seemed  
For his great love a gift too slight—  
Her lily-heart—he never dreamed  
How wonderful and white!

I do not want the love he stole;  
That wakened love I would not share—  
But the white silence of her soul  
Is mine all unaware!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

## TO YOU

So you have come at last!  
And we nestle, each in each,  
As leans the pliant sea in the clean-curved limbs of her lover,  
    the beach;  
Merged in each other quite,  
Clinging, as in the tresses of trees dallies the troubadour  
    Night;  
Faint as a perfume, sweet as wine,  
Yielding as moonlight—mine, all mine:  
    So I have found you at last!

I dreamed: we dare not meet:  
The time is yet too soon.  
Swept with the tumult of our great love, our souls from this  
    life would swoon.  
For the fusion of our lives  
Is the one far goal to which the vast creation vaguely drives;  
And only when I kiss your face  
Shall the final trumpet shatter Space.  
I dreamed: we dare not meet.

Yet somewhere, hungry-eyed,  
You wait and listen with tears,  
Clogged with the flesh and dulled with the sodden heritage  
    of the years.  
And I am distant, lone,  
Hedged with the palisades of Self, shut in—a soul unknown.  
You, fashioned for me from Time's first day,  
I, made for you ere that dawn was grey,  
    Wait, hidden and hungry-eyed.

I lie in the lonely night.  
And you? Perhaps so near  
That if I should whisper your sweet soul-name you would  
    thrill and wake and hear!  
And yet perchance so far,  
Drowned in the cosmic mist beyond the swirl of the farthest  
    star.  
But over the frozen void between  
With wistful eyes you wait and lean,  
Alone in the lonely night.

Perhaps your passionate arms  
Some stranger-youth entwine;  
And you will yield him thin, faint kisses, thinking his lips  
    are mine;  
He, dreaming that unawares  
He has caught, as once in a dream he caught, that miracle-  
    glance of hers.  
For each the piteous thing that seems—  
Each clasping memories, clasping dreams  
    In lax and widowed arms.

Or, starving and craving still,  
To your soul you were bravely true;  
You told the Night your secret drear, and he laughed back  
    at you.  
And even in your sleep  
His laughter woke you, and you could not even the dear  
    dream keep;  
Till Age kissed you with a kiss that sears,  
And you faded and withered with the years,  
A-hungered and craving still.

But hush! I had almost heard!  
Last night I dreamed your name:  
Beneficent like a white, cool cloud to my desolate sky it  
came!  
Like a moth it drifted away,  
And into the flame of the dawn it fluttered, dying into the  
day.  
Yet the wind in the whispering leaves  
The voice of your sobbing weaves—  
*Hush!* I had almost heard!

Yet I should know your face.  
As mine, all mine, I claim  
That coil of hair that over you smoulders like a golden  
flame,  
And the strange, dim-curtained eyes,  
The crescent of your imperious chin, and the little moist  
mouth that cries.  
Your voice, with its tincture of tears,  
I have heard through a thousand years. . . .  
Yes, I remember your face.

Once in a drifting crowd  
I thought I had found a clue:  
A pale face pealed like an organ-note, and yet—oh, my  
heart!—not you!  
She had your look, the same  
Grave gladness of a child's young eyes; but all the rest  
was shame.  
Perhaps she saw—for her eyes were wet—  
In me the soul she had one time met  
In eternity's drifting crowd.

Perhaps 'tis the desert of years  
That severs each from each;  
And out of the cavernous centuries to each other we blindly  
reach.  
You blossomed so long ago  
That only the dawn and the Spring remember—and little, so  
little, they know!  
You wait on the hill of the first white morn,  
Straining dead eyes to me, unborn,  
Across the desert of years.

Or when I am dead, at last,  
And my sovereignty have won,  
As, merged in the dust of the gradual Past, unliving, I yet  
live on  
You will rise with some far-off Spring,  
And back to the old dead days that were mine your piteous  
glance will fling.  
But, hush! I shall come in the rain-kissed night  
And whisper the words of our marriage-rite—  
We shall find each other at last!

Yet if we met. . . . .  
I dreamed; we dare not meet. . . . .

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

## TO MY LOVE

It was not given to me  
In all my lonely race  
    To see  
    Thy face;  
To look into thine eyes, to hear  
Thy voice so sweet and clear,  
    So dear;  
And yet, Love, did I never doubt of thee,  
    Whether this light and air  
Were thine with mine, or in the days to be  
    Thou comest unaware;  
Happy (and not, as I, forlorn),  
    To know me, O my fair,  
And love me dead, as I loved thee unborn. . . . .

Love, if then in the years  
    When the vext cloudland clears,  
And this dim shroud of me  
    Appears,  
Serene, sovereign, eve's star—  
    O, free from vain regret,  
Be thou as high souls are!  
    Think it no bitter fate  
    To love too late;  
For I, who loved too soon, had courage yet  
    And trust to wait.

FRANCIS ADAMS

### MORN-LIGHT.

Far on the hills the morn-light is breaking,  
    Breaking in silver that soon shall be gold.  
Here at my window, as one that is taking  
His view of Fate's victory, with hungry heart aching  
    I wait and I watch it, now fearful, now bold.

For O in an hour, an hour that's a minute,  
    An hour that's an age, I shall be by her side!  
And then shall we ride a ride that has in it  
A race for a soul! Ah, God! shall I win it?  
    Better it would be than fail to have died.

O queen, my queen, I could kneel here and pray for you;  
    Pray not for love, not for pity for me—  
Pray that God's glory for ever shall stay for you  
As the crown of your joy and your beauty: ah, pray for you  
    Till mine eye's light in death and its darkness doth flee!

O queen, my queen, be it winning or losing  
    That heaves in thy heart, that breathes in thy breath,  
Queen art thou ever and queenly, thy choosing  
Is true as God's truth; be it winning or losing,  
    Be it light, life and love, be it darkness and death!

FRANCIS ADAMS

## THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

Beyond the purple portals of the Western summer sky—  
Where sun-flushed cloudlets float in happy sleep,  
Like showers of curling petals from a rose which, fain to die,  
Sheds the casket of her soul in perfumed heap—  
    Lies a garden of delight,  
    Where a sighing summer night  
Sings a madrigal of longing in a low, delicious croon,  
Till a heart awakes and quickens in the lonely, silent moon.

Beneath the lamp of Venus, where the love-light hovers low,  
Waits a throne of regal lilies for a queen,  
While a surgeless river murmurs with a lang'rous ebb and  
    flow  
As it wends its way, a thousand stars between.  
    And it plays upon my heart,  
    With its soft seductive art,  
Like the cunning master-fingers of the tender Lord of Love  
On a harp of hazy harmonies, whose strings were tuned by  
    Jove.

Thro' avenues of blossom, where the brooding shades of  
    night  
Scarce seemed to breathe, and thrall'd the dewy flowers,  
Came footsteps softly stealing, while an iridescent light  
    Lit the great magnolia leaves in all the bowers;  
    And the stately shimmering beds  
    Of the lilies bowed their heads:  
Every tree bent down to kiss her as she passed them on her  
    way,  
And the air strove to enfold her, and the breezes whispered  
    “Stay!”

---

F

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*Love Poems*

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Thus, in the spell-bound garden groves, a pulse began to  
beat

That woke th' enchanted poppies from their dreams,  
And thrilled the waiting lilies, as I led her to the seat

That had blazed alight with flashing firefly gleams:

For I wrought this fairy throne

Just for "Her I love" alone,

Where she reigns with sway despotic, but herself may not  
depart

From her kingdom—for she's captive in the garden of my  
heart.

ALAN

## SONG OF THE LUTE AND THE STAR

I prisoned love within me,  
As the cloud prisons the moon,  
Till one from thence should win me,  
As fingers the lute's tune:  
And now as the light when the stars grow pale  
Sweeps over the deep sea,  
From the strewn deeps  
Where the moon sleeps  
On the sea of my heart there's a tune sweeps,  
'Tis the morn of your love in me.

I prisoned love within me,  
As the bud prisons the rose,  
Till the warmth of a kiss should win me  
From a deep starless repose;  
And now as with colour and odour slips  
The rose from her zone free,  
From among dells  
A throng tells  
Of a new-born love that in song wells  
From the fount you have freed in me.

I prisoned love within me,  
As the lark prisons the song,  
Till the heaven in your eyes should win me  
To carol cloud-ways along:  
And now as listening lovers learn  
That the heart of the heaven is won,  
When the moon falls  
The tune calls,  
For on æry paths of the noon-halls  
The lights into song have run.

---

*Love Poems*

---

I prisoned love within me,  
As sleep prisons the dream;  
Your spirit has winged to win me  
From Lethe's dark stream,  
And ere the hush of the waking hour  
Have rapt me to earth far,  
I have turned, love,  
Have learned, love,  
The tune of the lute that burned, love,  
And the song of the morn's star.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

## THE IDA-FIELDS

Here where the star-eyed sorrowful night has counted her beads in prayer,

Where the sigh of her soul as she bent o'er the roses breathes in the morning air,

Here I sit, and the roses around me, lulling me into sleep,  
Bear me away to a glimmering world where spirits a vigil keep:

Wonderful vigil that knoweth no end, neither beginning hath known,

Vigil that seeth the luminous stars and fiery tresses blown  
Round the head of the seraph that mild through the ages fashioneth out of the void

A world of light and of life and of laughter, by hearts to be suffered, enjoyed.

There at least I may utter the sorrow that cannot be uttered here,

The wish that cannot be shaped in words, escaping the sigh and the tear,

The sorrow that gathers like swaying seas when winds have buffeted long,

Till the surge of my heart wells up in my breast and falls from my lips in song.

Here upon earth we have heard the sigh that follows the broken breath,

In the hush we have almost read the rune that is graved on the heart by death;

But the warring world and its hurrying feet have drowned  
in their clamour loud  
The voice that falls from the trembling star as it burns in  
the morning cloud.

Is it in vain my thought has flown?—cannot it find a home  
In the depth of your heart whence your dreams of desire and  
high aspirations come?  
May it not mingle with these and rise, until from your lips  
it flow  
Soul-sweetened, a sigh or a flutter of song whose springs you  
must surely know?

Cannot it mingle, my thought with your thought, and wake  
in your soul a desire  
To move again where we moved who loved?—till borne  
upon wings of fire,  
Deep in the soundless world shall meet my spirit and yours  
it loved,  
Shall meet without speech, or sight, or touch, unhindered and  
unreproved.

Here where the star-eyed sorrowful night has counted her  
beads in prayer,  
Where the sigh of her soul as she bent o'er the roses breathes  
in the morning air,  
Here I sit, and the roses around me, lulling me into sleep,  
Bear me away to a glimmering world where we a tryst may  
keep;

---

*The Ida-Fields.*

---

Wonderful tryst that knoweth no end, neither beginning hath known,  
Tryst that seeth the luminous stars and fiery tresses blown  
Round the head of the seraph that mild through the ages  
fashioneth out of the void  
That world of light and of life and of laughter that we  
have suffered, enjoyed.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

### DAS WEISS ICH SCHON

Forth from what realms of earlier existence  
Com'st thou to me?  
Claimed by what irresistible persistence  
Yield I to thee?

Surging from deeps unplumbed by recollection  
Swims into ken  
Thy soul that erst hath held me in subjection—  
But where? but when?

All has been said, been thought, been done, explained  
Ages ago.  
Only the quintessence of love remained  
For us to know.

Therefore it was that while I sat beside thee  
I touched no hand.  
What need for word, for touch, for kiss to guide thee?  
We understand.

ANON

## IN AUGUST

O, almond blossoms, almond blooms, I think you are a  
cloud  
That sank from Heaven's depths, too tired to further sail  
along,  
And rested on the crooked stems that are so sweetly proud  
To bear you, that their leaves burst forth—a green thanks-  
giving song!

A cloud you were, soft, soft and white, and Juno on you  
rested  
When she put off her royalty to lounge her languid leisure;  
And Aphrodite's doves, cloud-soft, with wings cloud-pure  
have breasted  
Their fairy way, their trackless way, through you to do  
her pleasure.

The birds know and the bees know this, your worshippers  
and lovers—  
The birds have seen your pride afar, and give you one  
devotion,  
And all the bees from miles away crowd round, their  
briskness hovers  
Above you, and the calm's disturbed of all the air's thin  
ocean.

---

*Love Poems*

---

Still, cloud that once a goddess bore, your pride has more  
been heightened  
Since you alighted here this Spring than when you sailed  
above,  
For one has stood beneath your shade by whom the world  
is brightened—  
Who makes the dawn seem dim and dark—my own and  
lovely Love!

ROSAMOND BENHAM

## THE COMFORTER

He drew me from the horrid pit,  
    He set me on my feet.  
He warmed me from my mortal cold,  
    He cooled me from my heat.

He put me on my way again  
    And showed me how to go;  
Was gentle when I went too fast—  
    Patient when I was slow.

He spoke in anger never once—  
    This is the way He took:  
He broke me with a word of love,  
    He bound me with a look.

He heard my cry before I called,  
    Seeing I had no speech;  
He handled with a mother-touch  
    The hurt I could not reach.

He made the mountain tops come down,  
    He made the valleys rise;  
He made the holy highway plain  
    Before my very eyes.

He led me through the whelming flood;  
    He led me through the fire;  
He fed me in a wealthy place  
    With honey of desire.

---

*Love Poems*

---

It's love like this that wakens life  
In the very breast of death,  
And fashions in the formless void  
An image quick with breath.

This is the magnet that compels  
My spirit's secret tide.  
Deep calls to deep; love answers love,  
And both are satisfied.

JEAN BIRD

## REST

Who has repose?  
Not Judas, doing ill;  
Not Peter, weak of will;  
Not Thomas, doubting still;  
Who understands? Who knows?

John has repose;  
The Bosom is his right.  
Yet all the others might  
Know that supreme delight.  
John understands. John knows.

Love is repose.  
Faith eyes a future rest;  
Hope waiteth still the best;  
Love leans upon the Breast.  
Love understands. Love knows.

JEAN BIRD

## TWILIGHT

When a heavy surf is droning  
    In the twilight on the bar;  
When our Mother Sea is crooning  
    Her quaint cradle-song afar;

When the wild black swans are lining  
    To some still, remote lagoon;  
And above the headland, shining,  
    Hangs a quiet, crescent moon;

When the panoply, the splendor  
    Of the tropic sunset dies,—  
Then my Fancy turns to tender  
    Dreams beneath the queenly skies.

Dear-loved Loadstone of my longing,  
    Fair, fond Woman of my heart!  
When the twilight thoughts are thronging,  
    Art thou dreaming, too, apart?

Yes, my Spirit echoes truly;  
    “Circling seas shall, with the tide,  
Pulse on either shore of Thule,  
    In the Dream Beatified.

“Surely as the mystic Crescent  
    Silvers now a garden fair,  
Will the shining, white, liquefiant  
    Light of Love burn also there!”

---

*Twilight.*

---

So I mourn not that the splendor  
    Of the dead Day lies in pall,  
When the Night her brooding, tender  
    Wings of fantasy lets fall.

In the dusk I'm sitting, building  
    Tall cloud-castles by the sea;  
In the dusk my Love is gilding  
    Castles fair for her and me.

E. J. BRADY

## SHADOWS

Beside the Narrow Crossing-Place  
(And night was falling gray),  
Two Shadows met, the legends tell. . . .  
Each Shadow went its way.

But there was anguish in their eyes,  
And tears in both their hearts,  
Beside the Narrow Crossing-Place,  
Where Shade from Shadow parts.

For they had seen the Rising Sun  
In opal and in rose,  
For they had seen the Rising Sun,  
Who saw the long day close.

And had they met at Morn or Noon  
Who met the shades between?  
Ay! had they met at Morn or Noon . . .  
And so—the Might-Have-Been!

E. J. BRADY

## "I AM SHUT OUT OF MINE OWN HEART"

I am shut out of mine own heart  
because my love is far from me  
nor in the wonder have I part  
that fills its hidden empery;

the wildwood of adventurous thought  
and lands of dawn my dream had won,  
the riches out of Faery brought  
are buried with our bridal sun.

and I am in a narrow place  
and all its little streets are cold,  
because the absence of her face  
hath robb'd the sullen air of gold.

My home is in a broader day:  
at times I catch it glistening  
thro' the dull gate, a flower'd play  
and odour of undying Spring;

the long days that I lived alone,  
sweet madness of the Springs I miss'd  
are shed beyond, and thro' them blown  
clear laughter, and my lips are kiss'd:

—and here from mine own joy apart  
I wait the turning of the key:  
I am shut out of mine own heart  
because my love is far from me.

CHRISTOPHER J. BRENNAN

## SECOND NOCTURN

Sighing—

the wind from the equator thro' the trees  
faintly fell  
or wander'd, like a spirit ill at ease,  
that we heard its echoes dying  
where we lay  
in our chamber by the tropic ocean's swell  
night and day.

Lying—

side by side—

we heard the rising ocean to the dying wind replying,  
heard its surge advance with still insistent call  
or subside  
to the night-wind's dying fall  
sighing—  
thro' the night we heard it sobbing  
as the tide  
rose in rhythmic monotone;  
till at last our twin hearts pulsed upon its ceaseless throbbing,  
till we felt them fall and rise and drift asunder  
leagues of night between them thrown—  
O so wide!  
O the wonder  
that we felt but a vague and strange emotion  
felt a dim and blind and infinite emotion  
of the mystery, the wonder  
that the night-wind and the ocean  
and the traitor night should set us twain asunder

---

*Second Nocturn*

---

who were lying  
heart to heart,  
in our love-chamber by the boundless ocean—  
there were lying—  
yet apart,  
sunder'd by the nightly ocean  
heart from heart!

CHRISTOPHER J. BRENNAN

## EVENSONG

Rest, my Beloved, rest!

I pause, I look across the distance,  
Half held by yonder gleam  
That tells, that tells  
Not yet the spells  
Of Night have knit Thy real and Thy dream;  
Half by the subtle sweet insistence  
Of the dew-freed manuka scents, which seem  
Laden with memories of far years, far lands,  
When Earth was young, and Thou and I . . . .

Yon dumb Heaven understands—  
O why, why, why  
Stays it for ever dumb,  
For ever dumb? . . . .

Rest, my Beloved, rest! . . . .

I give this kiss to the South-west—  
The South-west Wind, which sweepeth, sweepeth by,  
Trailing great wisps of cloud along the Sky—  
To bear to Thee, Beloved, ere Thou close  
Thine eyes, Thine eyes in balmiest repose.

Rest, my Beloved, rest! . . . .

Why, why, O why  
Liest Thou yonder, lone,  
While lonely I  
This night, these many unblest nights, shall lie?  
Thy dear head, silken-trest,  
My Own,  
Should by my cheek be prest—  
Have we not known?—  
The while in perfect, satisfying rest,  
Thy cheek upon my breast,  
Thou shouldst sink to slumber; round Thee thrown—  
Wall from the Dark's innumerable alarms,  
Shield from her baleful spawn's malefic charms—  
The soft magnetic circle of mine arms.  
My Own, my Own,  
Have we not exquisitely known? . . . .

What have we done, we two,  
That lone we lie,  
Parted for half our days, tho' true  
Mate of true Mate, still uttering the cry  
Dumbly to the dumb Heavens, which know so well  
Yet never break their silences to tell,  
Our craving, iterant "Why?"  
Patient, O very patient—well they know;  
Yet what joy would we not with joy forego  
To hear them break the silence and the spell? . . . .

What have we done? Upon the winding way  
Of myriad lives, or far or near,  
We two, so trustingly, so purely dear  
Each unto each, have surely done some deed—  
In pitiful blindness, or in wilful seeing

---

*Love Poems*

---

Brought into unextinguishable being  
Some thought, word, act, whose death-defying seed  
Bears leaf and bud and blossom ev'n to-day;  
Biddeth me here, Thee yonder, wondering stay—  
Waiting and wondering stay. . . .

Rest, my Beloved, rest! . . . .

Not in sheer weariness, as they  
That have no hope because they cannot see  
Law everywhere, as we.  
The vintage surely cometh; late or soon—  
Perhaps at life's still eventide,  
When strife hath died,  
Perhaps at life's high noon;  
Yea, soon or late  
The vintage cometh: Thou and I can wait.  
The hour the Lords of Karma know, not we,  
For all our longing: so it must be best.  
The hour we know not, yet know certainly  
The time of vintage cometh: wherefore rest,  
Rest, my Beloved, rest Thee.

Rest . . . rest . . . rest!

D. W. M. BURN  
(*Marsyas*)

## SHADOWS

How many tread the patient street  
With heart as sanctified as mine:  
Who have a shadow at my feet  
Whereof no other hath a sign?  
No other sees the tender face  
Fledging the drab and stony place.

I see through gloomy archway walls  
The scattered sandhills of the past:  
An air from meadow pipit calls,  
Where I her shadow followed fast.  
Beneath the pavement of the street  
Lieth the motion of her feet.

Lo, there she sped by lichenèd fence  
The glance where sudden love appears:  
Pale with retreating confidence,  
Too shy for words, too sweet for tears:  
Too full of her own happiness  
To pledge what love would fain confess.

There she abides amid the roar  
Of city struggles. Men are made  
Joyful or sad, but I am more  
Than they who pass me—unafraid  
To lift a sleeping face to shine,  
Making for me the hour divine.

---

*Love Poems*

---

A river rolls between. We stand,  
    Love in all tenderness our star.  
No voice we hear: nor understand  
    The morning and the evening are  
To some delighting dedicate,  
    Wherfor for ever we must wait.

Again I see the cottage door:  
    The fire is chattering to the panes:  
Flowers make the courtesy of the poor:  
    The kettle with a singing feigns  
A merry note—but all is bare  
    For lack of one who is not there.

I dream I hear a footfall blend  
    With airs about the trooping eaves.  
The surges of my spirit send  
    Faint shadows lighter than the leaves  
Athwart the attic Silence keeps  
    In her unfathomable deeps.

No, never more will she descend.  
    I wake to know life is beyond  
Her intimacy. I shall spend  
    A many tears of memory fond  
For eyes that know not kith nor kin—  
Death's majesty alone therein.

HUBERT CHURCH

## THE SLAYERS

When we loved, between us two  
How the cloudy glamour grew!—  
Thoughts unspoken, rainbow tears,  
Sweet reserves, and darling fears,  
Exquisite imaginings,  
Shyly preening untried wings—  
All in one dim radiance blent.  
Could we not have been content?

But we judged too daringly  
Nought must stand 'twixt You and Me.  
Reticence, and secret pride,  
What were they but mists that hide?  
Break the sundering barrier frail,  
Rend the rosy-golden veil!  
So we labored, till at last  
Eye to eye we stood, aghast.

The veil was riven shred from shred  
All for love . . . and love lay dead.

ELSIE COLE

## IN MEMORY OF NURSE LILIAN

Died on Service.

She was so dear, so fair. . . . Her memory stays:  
Even her dying robs me not of this,  
That I have walked with her in mortal ways  
Whose tender beauty now immortal is.  
There are sweet flowers that bloom in ways forlorn,  
And sad sweet eyes whose beauty is a flower  
Blown in the night to which there is no morn,  
Dream-born and dying in its dewy bower.  
And she was such a flower, her sweet eyes such:  
The secret hours that only the heart knows  
Thrill with the glamour of her tone and touch,  
Like music that is sweetest at the close,  
Falling to death, as falls the fairest thing  
Beyond the power of love's recovering.  
  
Light that was her smile, now shaded;  
Rose that was her cheek, now faded;  
Air that was her sighs and laughter:  
Beauty's ghost Love follows after.

R. CRAWFORD

## ANNA, BETROTHED

Alas! to see the bud of dawn  
    Become the full blown flower of day;  
The breeze tip-toeing o'er the lawn,  
    Forget its youthful, careless way.

The "charm of change" is half a lie—  
    (Decay is Change's darling child!)  
Who'd stain the wistful morning sky  
    For all the glory sunset-piled?

Yet, since transition is to live  
    (Death, too, shall thro' that gateway come!)  
Give, Fate, the best there is to give:  
    The quiet hearth, the happy home.

ROBERT HENDERSON CROLL

### INVOCATION

Break, swift passion, seal on seal,  
Till our words thro' whit'ning stress  
Flame enraptured, and reveal  
Love's imperial excess.

Let poor Wisdom's purblind eyes  
Gloat upon her paltry toys,  
Fledged with follies we can rise,  
Godlike, to immortal joys.

SYD C. (Clarice G. Crosbie)

## TO THE WIND

It seems so strange that thou who tell'st me things  
Of past and present—bringing on thy wings  
Mem'ries wrapped sweet in hallowed wallflower scent,  
Or dainty burden that to thee was lent  
By secret sprays of starry jessamine,  
To lift a curtain from past dreams of mine,  
Didst tell me nothing of a love to be.

And of the present—when new flowers are born—  
A message from the charlock in the corn,  
And news thou bring'st of hawthorn trees abloom,  
Dost waft their spirits even through my room!  
Thou'st told me in thine own delicious way  
—Not in mine ear—that it is Spring to-day.  
Hast thou no word from my dear Love to me?

How he and I have fought thee with the oar!  
And mocked thy rage with laughter from the shore.  
How often hast thou wantoned in my hair;  
And fanned the hollow in my throat laid bare  
To thy caress—the spot he was to kiss!  
Then surely heart atune like mine could miss  
No slightest whisper thou might'st breathe to me?

Thou'st told me all the sadness of the world  
From immemorial time, while I lay curled  
Beneath the ever-sorr'wing she-oak trees.  
Thou'st brought the passion of the restless seas.  
And with a madder joy than children's play  
Dost sport with leaves that yearly fall away  
From naked boughs. Show meeds of love to me!

---

*Love Poems*

---

On these wild nights thou fling'st thy freight of tears  
Against the windows, one may think one hears  
The wailing of lost loves—but dost thou know?  
And dost thou care what cadence then dost blow?  
Art thou indeed only a moving air  
That wanders without purpose here and there?  
Ah, then, what boots it to confide in thee?

MARIE DECHAMINEUX

### COMRADESHIP

Oh, how could you believe I could forget!  
Dear heart, the roots are deep. Though never yet—  
So far apart was set for each our place—  
My eyes have searched the riddles of your face,  
You have thrown wide the gateways of your mind.  
How could I prove unkind?

Could I forget? We have been friends so long!  
The earth has vented all her soul in song  
For us. For us great men have voiced their thought  
And poets dreamed, and artists too have wrought,  
And o'er the living world's big page we've pored  
In uttermost accord.

To us the solitudes have spoken low,  
And hidden things permitted us to know!  
The secrets that the desert and the sea  
And the far stars unveiled for you and me  
Awoke our hearts and from the throngs of men  
We heard the silent cry of hearts in pain—  
Heard it together and with tear-filled eyes.  
Is this a thing that dies?

MARIE DECHAMINEUX

## AMANS AMARE

A cottage small be mine, with porch  
Enwreathed with ivy green,  
And brightsome flowers with dew-filled bells,  
'Mid brown old wattles seen.

And one to wait at shut of eve,  
With eyes as fountain clear,  
And braided hair, and simple dress,  
My homeward step to hear.

On summer eves to sing old songs,  
And talk o'er early vows,  
While stars look down like angels' eyes  
Amid the leafy boughs.

When Spring flowers peep from flossy cells,  
And bright-winged parrots call,  
In forest paths be ours to rove  
Till purple evenings fall.

The curtains closed, by taper clear  
To read some page divine,  
On winter nights, the hearth beside,  
Her soft, warm hand in mine.

And so to glide through busy life,  
Like some small brook alone  
That winds its way 'mid grassy knolls,  
Its music all its own.

D. H. DENIEHY

### SONG

Like a seagull with sunlight above  
And beneath her the sea,  
My heart on the ocean of love  
Lies dreaming of thee.

The waters that o'er me will roll  
In the storm and the night,  
Thrill now to the emerald soul  
With the rapture of light.

Slow, slow be thy wings to the west,  
Sun-bird of the sky!  
From the warmth and the peace and the rest  
I must wake but to die.

E. DERHAM.

## THE WISH

I should be so glad if I could think  
That, sometimes, when the sun is low,  
You cross the little planked foot-bridge  
To wander up the sandy ridge  
Past where the clumps of wild oak grow.

If I could think you pause to dream,  
And, as you dream, your eyes grow wet,  
Remembering Hope and youth and . . . Me . . .  
And all the trust that used to be,  
And other suns that rose and set.

I do not want your every thought,  
Your daily presence in my life,  
I grasp no Fruit . . . who had the Flower . . .  
But I would wish that some still hour,  
Forgetting child, and home and wife,

You pace alone the curving path  
That saunters to the little bridge,  
And, when the sun is burning low,  
Across the swamp-oak flats you go  
Into the red glow on the ridge.

And standing, looking far away  
Out to the darkening timber line,  
Recall a night with just such skies,  
And the quick laugh in Lost Love's eyes,  
And know that those lost eyes were mine.

M. FORREST

## THE ARRAS

I could have sworn that the arras moved,  
That curtain fringed with the *fleur de lys*,  
You thought we were safe—who snatched and loved—  
That a watchful eye could not pierce to me—  
Yet, over the sweep of that purple fold  
(Like an ocean floor in a moonless night)  
A ripple ran to the hem of gold  
One petal hid and one leapt to light  
—I could have sworn that the arras moved!  
You think it is locked in our hearts to-day  
That throbbing moment we clung and loved  
Is sealed forever and shut away,  
Where the jealous eye cannot note and brood  
On loss or profit in *proving* shame  
The right of spilling a gallant's blood  
The right of branding a woman's name.  
To-day we met in the gallery,  
You bowed full coldly and passed me by  
And bravely went for the world to see,  
No lip betraying, no softening eye.  
'Twas well that my gown was tightly laced  
Over my heart and its stung desire  
Over the breast where your kisses placed  
The rose of love with its thorn of fire.  
A sword point clashed on the polished floor:  
Two heels clicked sharply ere you were gone  
But I stepped proud as I went before  
By the line of the courtiers all alone.

---

*The Arras*

---

*Yet . . . I remembered the arras moved  
And shaken trust in a world a-reel  
Convulsed the air like a faith disproved.  
Who dropped the sword? And who clicked the heel?*

I have smoothed my bodice and dressed my hair:  
The snow of my bosom naught reveals.  
Was it only fancy that one lurked there  
Kneeling to spy as a traitor kneels?  
Was it only fancy? You kissed so warm  
Your kiss was all for a space I knew:  
And the pulse's riot will jest at harm  
And fear sinks drugged in a glance of blue.  
What heart pays toll for its secret sins?  
So each heart feareth a torch's shine,  
And up in his tower he sits and spins  
Perhaps a snare for your life and mine. . . .  
The King was gracious to me to-day  
And the Queen (that model of virtue proved!)  
And my lord sent jewels to make me gay. . . .  
*Yet I wish I knew why the arras moved!*

M. FORREST

## ALISON OF THE MARGE

Ah, when you touch me, sweeps  
To music every chord that sleeps;  
And when you kiss, my blood  
Leaps like the sea-tides in their flood,  
And all the emptiness of years  
Clamours in crying at my ears,  
And I am caught as in a wind  
That takes my breath, and I am blind—am blind!  
Oh, I have hungered for you so;  
Starved like a lost bird in the snow!

*I have known winds in desert places,  
And seen the stars as frozen faces,  
And watched the large, relenting sun  
Shield-widen as the day was done,  
And seen the late bird turn to his own,  
But I was alone, alone—  
I was alone in the heat, in the cold,  
As a lamb that is strayed from her fold.*

*I have heard life like a voice in the night,  
Lost like a light—a wandering light—  
In the fen, in the mist;  
And never a hand was there,  
And no one to care—  
Have hungered and striven,  
And suffered unshriven;  
Hungered for you*

*As the burned-up earth for the dew,  
As the withering grass for the rain,  
As the parching herb for the end of pain—  
Have miser'd in anguish to spend,  
And followed the dream that was you to the end!*

*Oh, I have hungered for you  
As the strength in the thew  
For the quoit, and the axe, and the spear,  
As the sap at the Spring of the year  
For the pathway of life in the tree,  
As, captive, the wing of the gull for the fetterless sea—  
Have hungered, and dreamed, and held to the dream  
As a light, as a gleam;  
And out of the darkness I came at the end—  
At the end—unbroken to you.*

*But cloud in a wan, wet sky  
Has wept no more than I;  
And never the darkness of night has seen  
A dark like the dark where my soul has been.*

MARY GILMORE

FROM

“THE RHYME OF JOYOUS GARDE”

With her through the Lyonesse I rode,  
Till the woods with the noontide fervor glow'd,  
    And there for a space we halted,  
Where the intertwining branches made  
Cool carpets of olive-tinted shade,  
And the floors with fretwork of flame inlaid  
    From leafy lattices vaulted.

And scarf and mantle for her I spread,  
And strewed them over the grassiest bed  
    And under the greenest awning,  
And loosen'd latch and buckle, and freed  
From selle and housing the red roan steed,  
And the jennet of Swift Iberian breed,  
    That had carried us since the dawning.

The brown thrush sang through the briar and bower,  
All flush'd or frosted with forest flower  
    In the warm sun's wanton glances;  
And I grew deaf to the song bird—blind  
To blossom that sweeten'd the sweet spring wind—  
I saw her only—a girl reclined  
    In her girlhood's indolent trances.

And the song and the scent and sense wax'd weak,  
The wild rose withered beside the cheek  
    She poised on her fingers slender;  
The soft spun gold of her glittering hair  
Ran rippling into a wondrous snare,  
That flooded the round ark bright and bare,  
    And the shoulder's silvery splendour.

The deep dusk fires in those dreamy eyes,  
Like seas clear-coloured in summer skies,  
    Were guiltless of future treason;  
And I stood watching her, still and mute  
Yet the evil seed in my soul found root,  
And the sad plant throve, and the sinful fruit  
    Grew ripe in the shameful season.

Let the sin be mine as the shame was hers,  
In desolate days of departed years  
    She had leisure for shame and sorrow—  
There was light repentance and brief remorse,  
When I rode against Saxon foes or Norse,  
With clang of harness and clatter of horse,  
    And little heed for the morrow.

And now she is dead, men tell me, and I,  
In this living death must I linger and lie  
    Till my cup to the dregs is drunken?  
I look through the lattice, worn and grim,  
With eyelids darken'd and eyesight dim,  
And weary body and wasted limb,  
    And sinew slacken'd and shrunken.

She is dead! Gone down to the burial-place,  
Where the grave-dews cleave to her faultless face;  
    Where the grave-sods crumble around her;  
And that bright burden of burnish'd gold,  
That once on those waxen shoulders roll'd,  
Will it spoil with the damps of the deadly mould?  
    Was it shorn when the church vows bound her?

---

*Love Poems*

---

Now I know full well that the fair spear shaft  
Shall never gladden my hand, nor the haft  
    Of the good sword grow to my fingers;  
Now the maddest fray, the merriest din,  
Would fail to quicken this life-stream thin,  
Yet the sleepy poison of that sweet sin  
    In the sluggish current still lingers.

Would God I had slept with the slain men, long  
Or ever the heart conceived a wrong  
    That the innermost soul abhorred—  
Or ever these lying lips were strained  
To her lids, pearl-tinted and purple-vein'd,  
Or ever those traitorous kisses stained  
    The snows of her spotless forehead.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

## THORA'S SONG

We severed in Autumn early,  
    Ere the earth was torn by the plough;  
The wheat and the oats and the barley  
    Are ripe for the harvest now.  
We sunder'd one misty morning  
    Ere the hills were dimmed by the rain;  
Through the flowers those hills adorning—  
    Thou comest not back again.

My heart is heavy and weary  
    With the weight of a weary soul;  
The mid-day glare growth dreary,  
    And dreary the midnight scroll.  
The corn-stalks sigh for the sickle,  
    'Neath the load of the golden grain;  
I sigh for a mate more fickle—  
    Thou comest not back again.

The warm sun riseth and setteth,  
    The night bringeth moistening dew,  
But the soul that longeth forgetteth  
    The warmth and the moisture, too.  
In the hot sun rising and setting  
    There is naught save feverish pain;  
There are tears in the night-dew's wetting—  
    Thou comest not back again.

---

*Love Poems*

---

Thy voice in my ear still mingles  
With the voices of whisp'ring trees,  
The kiss on my cheek still tingles  
At each kiss of the summer breeze.  
While dreams of the past are thronging  
For substance of shades in vain,  
I am waiting, watching, longing—  
Thou comest not back again.

Waiting and watching ever,  
Longing and lingering yet;  
Leaves rustle and corn-stalks quiver,  
Winds murmur and waters fret.  
No answer they bring, no greeting,  
No speech, save that sad refrain,  
Nor voice, save an echo repeating—  
He cometh not back again.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

## LOVE

She loves me! From her own bliss-breathing lips  
The live confession came, like rich perfume  
From crimson petals bursting into bloom!  
And still my heart at the remembrance skips  
Like a young lion, and my tongue, too, trips  
As drunk with joy! while every object seen  
In life's diurnal round wears in its mien  
A clear assurance that no doubts eclipse.

And if the common things of nature now  
Are like old faces flushed with new delight,  
Much more the consciousness of that rich vow  
Deepens the beauteous, and refines the bright,  
While throned I seem on love's divinest height  
'Mid all the glories glowing round its brow.

CHARLES HARPUR

## PERDITA

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Is pleasant to the view  
When singing larks spring from the grass  
To fade into the blue,  
And all the hawthorn hedges break  
In wreaths of purest snow,  
And yellow daffodils are out,  
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Is sad as sad can be,  
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids  
Across the violet sea;  
Our Perdita has gone with him,  
No more we dance the round  
Upon the green in joyous play,  
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Has many wonders seen,  
The shepherd lass wed with a king,  
The shepherd with a queen;  
But such a wonder as my love  
Was never seen before,  
It is my joy and sorrow now  
To love her evermore.

---

*Perdita*

---

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Is haunted by a light  
Of memory fair of lady's eyes,  
And fame of golden knight;  
The princes seek its charmed strand,  
And ah, it was our knell  
When o'er the sea our Perdita  
Went with young Florizel.

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Is not my resting place,  
For with her waned from out the day  
A beauty and a grace:  
Oh, had I kissed her on the lips  
I would no longer weep,  
But live by that until the day  
I fall to shade and sleep.

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

## AN ECHO

O the wattle trees are yellowing,  
Adown the dark green lane,  
And the bush winds are blowing so sweetly,  
But I and my true love shall never meet again  
When I come home from the riding.

With a coo-ee from the mountain  
And a coo-ee from the vale,  
With a trample and jingle so gaily,  
I called to my true love to meet me at the rail,  
When I came home from the riding.

Now the she-oak leaves are sorrowing  
For hearthstone cold and grey,  
And my bosom is aching with sadness,  
But when through the River I shall ford at close of day,  
She will welcome me home from the riding.

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

## MY QUEEN OF DREAMS

In the warm-flushed heart of the rose-red West,  
When the great sun quivered and died to-day  
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest,  
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey.

Then I saw you swim  
By the shadowy rim  
Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,  
And you rayed delight  
As you winged your flight  
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!  
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed  
A month ago by these scented streams?  
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?  
Did you sleep or wake?—  
Ah, for Love's sweet sake,  
(Though the world should fail, and the soft stars wane!)  
Till our souls take flight  
I shall dream delight  
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

PHILIP J. HOLDSWORTH

## LYRIC

Ochone, the garland that is the mouth of her!  
The gates of pearl that hide beneath its blooms,  
And the smooth of skin that is a silken wonder,  
Woven of gossamer on fairy looms!

Ochone, the dear thoughts, warm from the heart of her  
The way they would be slipping into dimples sweet!  
And the sadness and the laughter running swiftly  
Like a wind would chase the shadows on the wheat!

Ochone, the roses red that are the lips of her—  
Its I'd be kissing their sweet curves apart!  
And the dew on them, and the clean breath of morning,  
And their red summer beating in my heart!

MABEL HOOKEY

## THE BUST OF ANTINOUS.

Ages of time divide us, most adored,  
Dream of my longing dream, whose curved lips  
Have learned their cold and bitter smile from Death,  
And Love—whose eyes behold the end of Love.

Once, when you came from darkness into life,  
A sculptor, loving, caught your face in stone,  
In this cold marble that my hot lips burn;  
Ah, god, I was not there to hold you fast!  
Where shall I find you now, my Heart's Desire?  
Where does the mist that hides the gods hide you  
And all your beauty—lips, and eyes, and brow?  
Into the void for you I wildly cry,  
You whom I pant for—my unclasped Delight—  
Chasmed and lost in the unending night.

ALYS HUNGERFORD

### “SEEKETH NOT ITS OWN”

And I, I seek mine own, crave for thy love;  
Stand desolate in the outer ways of life  
Where the rain is, and all the cold winds blow  
And long for thee: the fervour of thine eyes,  
The golden music of thy distant voice,  
The deep beatitude of thine embrace,  
The passionate, red rapture of thy kiss.  
*This is not love: this is eternal pain,*  
Quenchless desire for that which cannot be,  
The thirst and torment of the inland for the sea.

Yet, if for love's sake I forego thy love,—  
And live without thee to the endless end,—  
Shall I for all my fierce desires atone  
And be at one with love, which “seeketh not its own”?

Alys Hungerford

### IN THE CATHEDRAL

The vast cathedral of my soul, once dedicate to God,  
I give thee for a sanctuary no foe of thine hath trod,  
And in the living calm thereof thy spirit bathed shall be  
While the eternal music beats in waves of melody.

And there within that mystic shrine, I do to death for thee  
My body, all the love thereof, and all its hopes to be;  
Flesh do I give in sacrifice so that my soul may live,  
And blood's red passion poured like wine, unto thy lips  
I give.

Dim fragrance shed from magic clouds the holy place doth  
fill,  
The incense of undying love, the burning heart's dead will;  
And splendid through the mists there glow lights radiant as  
the sun;  
Blessings are they from God on high—my prayer has lit  
each one.

My every thought stands acolyte with pure and deep restraint  
In breathless service to thy will, as to a worshipped saint,  
While vibrant thrill the organ notes insistent with appeal  
To wrest from heaven its utmost good to add unto thy weal.

Alas! thy look is clear and cold, watching the lights and  
gloom,  
Thou art sufficient to thyself, thou need'st not any boon—  
No shelter need'st thou from my soul, no benison, no  
prayer—  
With careless step thou goest forth leaving dead silence  
there.

---

*Love Poems*

---

Silence of death, for thou art gone; God, but a far, lost  
name;  
I see the under-fires break forth and wrap my soul in flame;  
There's naught above but the dark void, earth but an empty  
space—  
Whirled storm and blackness rush between my anguish and  
thy face.

ALYS HUNGERFORD

## MY MATE

In dreams we meet, though dreams be few  
    Wherein your voice is clear;  
Awake, I go companionless  
Down crowded roads in loneliness  
    Austere;  
And yet, have I not longed for you,  
    My dear?

My best can never quite repay  
    The craftsman's full demands;  
I miss my utmost by as much  
As means to me the inspiring touch  
    Of hands  
Whose dreamland spell the workaday  
    Withstands.

What summit might I not attain  
    Upon Illusion's hill,  
By your unaltered faith upheld,  
By your unchanged belief impelled,  
    Until  
Came conquest—might that dream we twain  
    Fulfil.

Alone, my makeshift best I try—  
    What matter, since I know  
It serves its turn, and it is well  
If in the market-place 'twill sell,  
    Although  
Such guerdon mocks the dream that I  
    Forego.

---

*Love Poems*

---

In dreams we meet, though dreams be few  
    Wherein your voice is clear,  
And still I go companionless  
Down crowded roads in loneliness  
    Austere;  
But oh, do I not long for you,  
    My dear!

GUY INNES

THE FOREST IN THE CITY (Christchurch, N.Z.)  
(To Egeria).

There is a City where the green pulse beats  
Of gentle Nature; parks about it close  
Full of wind-walking trees in laughing rows;  
There, cool and clean, the wood walks in the streets,  
Wide-armed, to soothe life's fervours and defeats;  
There o'er the mart the dew-drenched garden grows,  
And round it all a gleaming river flows,  
Full of green shades and luminous retreats.

There is a park about this heart of mine  
Planted with thoughts of you, and they intrude  
Upon my barren hours, a multitude  
Of green and shining things, of birth divine;  
The stream called Happy Love thereunder runs,  
Which mirrors them, with God's eternal suns.

W. H. JOYCE

## THE HAWTHORN MOON

The hawthorn moon shines out to-night,  
Her train of amber-saffron light  
    Among the dimming stars will melt  
    Along the wide, celestial belt.  
There are no clouds for lovers' sight  
But clouds of hawthorn, fragrant, white;  
O, poignant sweetness, love's dear might!  
    None but a lover ever felt  
        The hawthorn moon!

O come! O come! our troth to plight;  
Was sunless heaven e'er yet so bright,  
    What sun so deep in heaven hath dwelt,  
    Have not God's inmost Angel's knelt,  
Her hallowed loves well to requite,  
    The hawthorn moon!

W. H. JOYCE

## SHE DID NOT KNOW

I plucked for her my flower of love,  
A wilding, tinged with tender blue,  
What time the sunset flamed above  
    The pearl-blue shrouds the dim hills drew;  
A fragrant sun-ray sank to sleep  
    Upon her brow of perfect snow—  
Her heart was hers to give or keep,  
    She did not know I loved her so.

I deemed it then, as there I stood  
A pilgrim at her saintly shrine,  
So frail a thing, so pure and good,  
    Would blight beneath this love of mine;  
The wanton white moon winged the steep,  
    A time had come when I must go—  
Her heart was hers to give or keep,  
    She did not know I loved her so.

My days went worldward through the night,  
The love was mine that makes or mars,  
Her pathways lay through sunlands bright,  
    Her skies were strewn with gracious stars.  
She cared no more than winds that sweep  
    From glade to glade where flow'rets blow,—  
Her heart was hers to give or keep,  
    She did not know I loved her so.

FRANCIS KENNA

## SOUL SONG

My soul must sing,—  
It cannot grieve,  
Though life be drear  
And man deceive.

My soul must sing,—  
Its notes fall free,  
In golden gush  
Of melody!

When morning light  
The valley fills,  
My soul is out  
Upon the hills.

My spirit joins  
The twittering choir,  
Whose praise of God  
Doth never tire.

And Skylark ne'er  
Sought sky above,  
As my soul seeks  
The Fount of Love!

On waxen flower,  
On leaf of tree,  
Celestial grace  
And peace I see.

---

## *Soul Song*

---

On every breeze  
The voice I hear  
Of heavenly waters,  
Pure and clear.

And in between  
The branches' space,  
Full oft I glimpse  
An angel face!

So, singing still,  
My soul fares on,  
In noontide gold,  
Till eve be gone.

Sing on, O soul!  
Above life's sod,  
Till breaks my heart  
With love of God!

MARION MILLER KNOWLES

### THE FIRST KISS

Dost thou remember our first kiss, how sweet  
It was, beloved? Was ever sweeter given  
Or taken, here on earth or in the heaven  
That waits for thee? My quickening pulse shall beat  
That back-thrown measure which the reverted feet  
Of memory march to till my soul be riven  
From me, and I shall fall asleep at even—  
My paradise what place soe'er we meet.

I but an eager boy, and thou—so fair!  
Smiling I caught thee to me, would have kissed  
Thee careless as the wind. . . . My God! . . . but there  
Deep in thy dear eyes' tremulous amethyst  
I saw thy soul as through a starry mist,  
And met thy lips with reverence, nay, with prayer!

LOUIS LAVATER

## THE ILLITERATE LOVERS

“Spell me her name with the apple-peel,  
    Spell it clear to my eyes!”

He had been watching the shadows steal  
    From the dark hills up to the skies,  
While she, with her white and skilful hands,  
    Peeled apples rosy and bright.

“What’s the letter,” she said, “that stands  
    For the girl whom you love to-night?”

Back from his shadows and dreams he came,  
    And touched an apple round.

“Never an apple could tell her name,”  
    He sighed, “with its pleasant sound.”

“But try with this apple of splendid size,  
    So sweet and fair,” urged she;

“It was grown ‘neath the blue of Australian skies  
    On the sunny side of the tree.”

“Apples are evil, O lady fair!  
    They teach that all things fall  
To earth, from the heights of dreaming rare,  
    And mankind most of all.

How shall we trust this one to say,  
    To tell what no man knows?”  
“By using a knife in the proper way,”  
    She answered, “I suppose.”

So he took a knife and slowly flayed  
That apple large and round.  
The peel, all wriggling, fell and made  
Strange patterns on the ground.  
"Adam and Eve," he rambled on,  
"Could spell no more than I,  
Yet they managed." . . . A light in her dark eyes shone,  
And made him strangely shy.

In the warm, brown dusk, they both bent low.  
Her hair just touched his cheek.  
It filled his heart with a summer glow  
Till he could scarcely speak.  
And there on the earth was a rickety E  
And a V with a waist-line trim.  
"Is the third an A or an E?" said she,  
In the scented darkness dim.

"You have tempted me thus with apple-peels,"  
He said, "Now, read the name  
That ever into my being steals  
Like a wind that is warm with flame?"  
She smiled with her lips, in a manner wise,  
"Could I neither read nor write,"  
She said, "I could spell the name in your eyes,  
Of the girl that you love . . . *to-night.*"

WILL LAWSON

## A FOLK SONG

I came to your town, my love,  
And you were away, away!  
I said, "She is with the Queen's Maidens:  
They tarry long at their play.  
They are stringing her words like pearls  
To throw to the dukes and earls."  
But O, the pity!  
I had but a morn of windy red  
To come to the town where you were bred,  
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,  
And you were away, away!  
I said, "She is with the mountain elves  
And misty and fair as they.  
They are spinning a diamond net  
To cover her curls of jet."  
But O, the pity!  
I had but a noon of searing heat  
To come to your town, my love, my sweet,  
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,  
And you were away, away!  
I said, "She is with the pale white saints,  
And they tarry long to pray.

---

*Love Poems*

---

They will give her a white lily-crown,  
And I fear she will never come down."

But O, the pity!

I had but an even grey and wan  
To come to your town and plead as a man,  
And you were away, away!

JESSIE MACKAY

## REINCARNATION

I do not know when first we met or parted,  
In what dim corridor of Time befell  
The fateful hour that left me broken-hearted,  
In what sweet tongue you breathed your last farewell.

I do not know how many worlds I've travelled,  
How many aeons I have stood alone,  
But love at last all mystery has unravelled,  
And now once more I know you for my own.

We may have loved in days of Grecian glory,  
We may have died beside the templed Nile:  
What matters now the sequence of our story,  
Since we have met who parted were awhile.

Child of the dawning, once again begotten,  
Come back to me from out the golden past,  
Deep in your eyes I read naught is forgotten,  
Rose of the World, I kiss your lips at last!

KENNETH MACKAY

## FLOWER AND THORN

Black the storm-wind rides the sky, all the leaves are torn,  
Briers upon the common stand stripped to stick and thorn;  
Thorny is the brier, thorny is the brier,  
Mother Mary, keep me safe, give me my desire!

Now the winter rains have gone, Heaven's washed and  
clean,

All the brooks are laughing sweet, all the trees are green;  
Leafy is the brier, leafy is the brier,  
Mother Mary in the sky, grant me my desire!

Summer's yellow on the land, throbbing warm and live,  
Hear her million voices hum like a lucky hive;  
Blossom of the brier, blossom of the brier,  
Mary in the summertime, give me my desire!

All the talking winds are stilled in the autumn pause,  
Redder far than blood or fire blaze the hips and haws;  
Fruiting of the brier, fruiting of the brier—  
Mother Mary, must I die starved of my desire?

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

### AN OLD SONG

The almond bloom is overpast, the apple blossoms blow.  
I never loved but one man, and I never told him so.

My flower will never come to fruit, but I have kept my  
pride—  
A little, cold, and lonely thing and I have naught beside.

The spring-wind caught my flowering dreams, they lightly  
blew away.  
I never had but one true love, and he died yesterday.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

### PILGRIM SONG

My feet are grey with the roadside dust,  
    My hair is wet with the dew,  
My heart is flagging with weariness  
    And faint with the want of you.

You are as young as the breaking buds,  
    You are as old as the sea;  
My soul burns white in the flame of you—  
    Love, open your door to me! . . .

I sought my love in the noontide heat,  
    I sought in the bitter wind,  
And found her house—and the doors were shut,  
    And the windows were barred and blind.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

**AND I . . .**

Though love has gentle hands and warm,  
If arrowed grief goes skirmishing,  
Then, even love may not perform  
The one impossible thing.

And I have tramped through grasses deep,  
Seen dawn move from her cloudy lair,  
Have watched the bluebells stir from sleep,—  
And I have prayed one prayer:

And I have wandered the bush ways  
In drowse and damp where soft fogs swing  
Across the spurs their floating greys—  
And I have said one thing:

And I have dipped in roadside wells  
Amid the flash of golden fish,  
Have pondered there on wands and spells—  
And I have made one wish:

And I have gone by towns where beats  
The chimney fume against the spire;  
Amid the crushing tramp of streets—  
I have had one desire:

That I might bring you pillow'd peace,  
That I might bid all dawns come fair,  
Make you a little glad, and ease  
The burdens that you bear.

FURNLEY MAURICE

## LOVELIGHT

Joy recollected in joy was upon me again:  
Supremely contented, superbly calm,  
I was perplexed and dumb in a world of pain,  
And aglow with the fire  
Of a darkling desire  
To share this balm  
With the people that walk in the towns—  
The slaves and the clowns.  
Yet how may this thing be?  
I am a lover and men will not listen to me.  
I am no leader, prophet, orator,  
Merely a joyous lover, however may  
My word give men the help men languish for?  
How may  
My lonely bliss their woes allay?

I turned to where  
Calm and unspeakably fair  
You moved and ministered,  
By happy touch and word;  
Seeming to heal  
Yet doing nothing real;  
Flowing like a vision of clear faith—  
Beautiful, and a wraith.  
Then all my tangled aspiration died,  
Then I went mad for love and cried:  
“Away with all Whither and Whence!

Let folk full of mandatory consequence  
Decry me for a dastard—for love I live,  
And the delirium that love can give!  
Come lips, come blossom of breasts and crush, oh crush  
The noise of the haggling destinies into a woodland hush!  
Love has me maddened and men will not listen to me;  
I have forsworn endeavour and artistry,  
And all my intention and heart for the race to be born,  
Forsworn! forsworn!  
You have become a flower  
And, golden hour upon hour,  
I am a bee sucking wild honey from your hair  
To build a catacomb for Care.  
And thus,  
As bees draw honey from the crocus-cup,  
I draw song-splendour up,  
The substance of my dreams and my sarcophagus,  
Food and housing and hope and even the white  
Glory of windy ships,  
Until I have become so full of golden might  
That dawn, dawn, dawn, bubbles out at my lips.

“Someday,  
When the clouds melt back to their milky origins,  
When, after their aeon raids,  
The flying comets are barred like pining harlequins  
At home in the final barricades,  
When chains flow back to their ore,  
And the dead sun takes fresh warmth to start on his rounds  
once more,  
Then, for the wonder you put in my day

God will repay—  
For the only things that He will take from the Old into  
the New  
Are the songs I have given to you."

Thus I, the betrayer, restore!  
Enskied and apocalyptic I have become more  
Than leader or prophet or orator,  
And, as a warrior, brave!  
The song love gave  
Delivers all life from its burdening penalties:  
I have made a deliverance out of the honey of bees!  
The laws of the prophets are less  
Than the songs I say—  
Like water from a height  
Their melody pours through light  
A balm of healing joyousness  
Over the wounds of the way.

What are you seeking, O men of the grey-lined brow?  
Come home from the council, come home from the water,  
    come home from the plough!  
The quest is ended; comfort ye, people afraid,  
I have killed all the grief in the world with a song for a  
    blushing maid!

FURNLEY MAURICE

## UNCONDITIONED SONGS

## XII

I have seen the shadows  
Cluster at the river,  
Long brown shadows where the sunlight flashes gold;  
Seen the yellow meadows  
Streaming out for ever  
By the pink rose hedges of the orchard fold.

When the furtive dawns  
Steal along the lawns,  
I have heard the dogs call joyful to the breeze;  
I have known the Heaven  
Of homely rooms at even,  
Of music and idleness and sobbing trees.

I have heard the cricket  
Piping from the thicket,  
The good things of effort, the sweet fruits of chance;  
Pools that bear the dreamers  
White ships with golden streamers  
To old, old wave-worn castles of romance.

Known where speckled beeches  
Hide the rocky reaches,  
Where the little creek goes singing way down;  
Watched the lazy willows  
Stroke the tiny billows,  
Seen the little catkins drown

---

*Love Poems*

---

I have loved and lingered  
Where light winds have fingered  
Blue living planes of the twilight sea;  
Known all joys of earth,  
But none supremely worth  
What your dear white spirit is to me.

FURNLEY MAURICE

## UNCONDITIONED SONGS

### XVIII

If I reach the ocean ever,  
I'll fall to an olden thralling;  
If I reach the ocean ever,  
You'll hear me calling, calling;  
If I reach the ocean never—  
The sound of the waves falling.

I love your fancies winging  
To havens of Love's making,  
For I do love you singing,  
For I do love you waking;  
For I do love you bringing  
Kisses for Love's taking.

Still I must love you parting,  
Though heart-strings stretch and sever;  
Sweeter than sweet sweethearting  
Are fruits of deep endeavour;  
This lilyed lake deserting,  
It's now for the open river!

FURNLEY MAURICE

## UNCONDITIONED SONGS.

### XLIII.

I wrought and battled and wept, near and afar,  
I scanned the secret of the bud and star.

Hill-road and desert, and the hurrying street  
Knew well the impress of my restless feet!

Then someone came with soft, caressing glance,  
Slow, like a woman out of all romance.

Love closed around me these warm, folded wings—  
That was the end of all my wanderings.

FURNLEY MAURICE

## ILMA DE MURSKA.

She sings—and, like a falcon, I  
Sail wings-on-edge against the wind  
Across the Pusztas bare and dry,  
    Brown, boundless heath! (not all unkind)  
And as I sail—beneath my glance  
    The farmer's cot and stacks swim past,  
The growing crops all wave and dance  
    And rustle in the whistling blast,  
White, meek-eyed oxen at the plough  
    Strain shoulder-forward 'gainst the yoke;  
The rosy milkmaid seeks her cow  
    With warbled song—while round the oak  
Are swine, 'mid leaves and mast, nose-deep,  
    And, stretched supine and lazily,  
The swarthy swine-herd sound asleep.  
    A shepherd there in sheepskin cloak,  
With pipe aglow behind a rock,  
    And watching thro' the wreathed smoke  
The gentle movements of the flock.  
    On! on! o'er moorland and morass  
(She sings!) I pass where sombre trees  
    Spread robes of shadow on the grass  
Or wave grave welcomes to the breeze—  
    Now 'tis a pond—a tiny lake,  
Wherein some moss-grown thatch is glassed;  
    Beside whose marge a bowery break,  
With flowers a-fire and foliage massed.  
    There! perched aloft, the stork behold!

Up on the chimney, black and bare,  
Cut sharply out against the gold  
Of Magyar sunset past compare;  
And round him see the gem-neck'd doves,  
That coo, and sob, and wheel, and light,  
Vexing the sweet air with their loves,  
Proclaimed from rustic roof-tree's height;  
And out beyond, view miles of vine  
In marshall'd ranks—and here, the press  
Whence pours the flood of Magyar wine,  
All night—and *this!* but nothingness.

She sings! I see the Danube glance  
'Tween fields of crimson-tassell'd maize.  
She sings! For me the maidens dance  
'Neath the dear trees of olden days.  
Ah! spring! 'Tis Magyar spring-tide here!  
With opening flowers and hum of bee;  
The stork stands knee-deep in the mere,  
The air is faint with melody.

Oh! spring thou'rt full of nightingales!  
The breeze a-tremble as each note,  
Fraught with sad sweetness, sweeps the sails  
Where lovers down the Danube float;  
The faithful stork returns with spring—  
Silent—he is our sentinel,  
All night the nightingale doth sing,  
While joyous pains her bosom swell,  
Or 'mid the gentle forest glooms  
By twilight, near the rippling tide,  
Or 'mid the moon-lit grove's perfumes,  
She sings alike for maid and bride.  
Yes! yes! to-night I've heard *her* voice—  
Lain 'tween the olive and the vine—

Danced a wild measure. Soul! rejoice,  
Thou'rt drunk with true Hungarian wine;  
Rich fragrance from the fields she brought,  
The rustling of the river reeds,  
The smiling maid I madly sought,  
The land of heroes and their deeds.  
Yes! She, another Hebe, poured  
For me (the while) another Jove,  
The wine of song—and swift up soared  
My soul to brighter skies above.  
Fresh colour to a faded life  
The old-world song of hers has given;  
The pain, the care, the bootless strife,  
Forgotten straight—and all is Heaven.

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE

## SONG

My Lady passes,  
I hear her feet  
Tripping lightly,  
Lightly, down the street.  
Her eyes are beaming,  
With glad light gleaming,  
My Lady passes,  
Passes down the street—

Caballeros, 'neath broad sombreros,  
Shoot fierce love-shafts,  
All in vain;  
Their baffled glances,  
Like ill-aimed lances  
Fall off—fall off,  
As harmless as the rain.

Hark! 'Tis the music  
Of maidens singing,  
Of sweet bells ringing,  
For those that pass,  
That press still onward  
O'er street and green-sward  
In gay array, to morning mass;  
Make way—Muchachos!  
Make way—Senoras!  
And thou—fond heart,  
Whose fresh wounds smart,  
Make way—make way now,  
Quick! quick! make way now,  
And let my own—my lovely lady, pass!

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE

## LADY, LADY, GENTLE LADY

“Lady, lady, gentle lady,  
Saw ye not Dan Cupid go  
Through the forest green and shady  
Armed with darts and supple bow?”

“Yes . . . , I saw him, noble lordling,  
And my heart went pit-a-pat  
Just to spy him slowly dawdling,  
Wond’ring whom to level at.”

“Lady, lady, tell me truly  
(For your face is fair to see),  
Why that villain so unruly  
Gave you life and liberty?”

“Sir, he eyed me like a felon,  
Then he roared in sudden pet,  
‘Curst, O curst be Argive Helen,  
Cleopatra . . . Juliet. . . .

‘Beatrice! . . .’ How he made me shiver! . . .  
All my world was waving wheat—  
Till at last he flung his quiver  
*Arrow-empty* at my feet!”

HUGH McCRAE

## DEAR HEART

O, you that scale the ultimate peaks of Pain,  
Heartworn and weary, never resting long  
On any enticement till you climb again  
Star-wooed!—O, you that pity me in this chain  
And kiss the hurt place as you pass me by  
To help my little brothers beyond, may I  
Bring you, Dear Heart, a song?

A song of hope unsullied that laughs at Death,  
A song of simple goodness that will not stay  
To spare one thought for self down the desolate way,  
A song of weakness that still with unfaltering breath  
Dares every devil that swoops on the world to slay,  
A song of honour and steady, exultant faith,  
A song of gold at the end of the murkiest day,  
A song of purity shining 'mid hells of wrong . . .  
For you, Dear Heart, this song!

*And we bring you only, Lady of High Intent,  
Chaplets of words that fade ere the day be spent;  
And we bring you only, Lady of Griefs unfeigned,  
Lips of ours with the blood of your sorrows stained;  
And we bring you only, Lady of Mercies Rare,  
Roses of shame and the ashes of late despair!*

---

*Dear Heart*

---

A song of trust grown steadfast, of truth grown wise,  
A song of pity that never can faint or fear,  
A song of honesty shining from proud sweet eyes  
That see the good in the worst of us everywhere,  
A song of modesty tender and brave and true,  
A song of sacrifice never withheld or vain,  
A song of unselfishness meek as the morning dew,  
A song of gentleness soft as the evening rain . . .  
O, Woman, mother or maid, though the way be long,  
    For you, Dear Heart, this song!

FRANK MORTON

THE HAPPY LOVER

If I, of youth and hope bereft,  
Should die dismayed, and you should be  
On earth the only creature left  
    To mourn for me;  
And if I should look back and see  
    That you, regretting not your choice,  
Did grieve to know me dead . . . ah, me!  
    I should rejoice;  
For life holds only you, just you,  
    And if you love me (*how you cling!*),  
Then, whatsoever God may do,  
    Death has no sting!

FRANK MORTON

### THE FEATHER

Barby came down with a brown floating feather  
In her dark hair.

Under the trees in the sweet-scented weather  
Life was most fair. Barby came there.

Western winds, laden with wattle-gold, stooped her  
Tresses to touch.

(Who would suppose that a shining brown feather  
mattered so much?)

Roaming alone in the grey winter weather,  
Where the winds fret,

In the sere branches I found a worn feather,  
Broken and wet. (Could I forget?)

Cold o' the wind, will ye ask the storm whether  
It knew the fine touch?

(Who would suppose that a wet, broken feather mat-  
tered . . . . so much?)

PATRICIA MURCHISON

## THE LITTLE PINE-WALK

The little pine-walk where we wander was planned  
For our wooing full many an aeon ago.  
Ere Time from the plasm with leisurely hand  
Had moulded our bodies or breath in them fanned,  
The little pine-walk for our wooing was planned.

How should we dream of it, how should we know,  
That the wind driven in from the uttermost sea  
Said: "Here the bright strands of her hair I shall blow,  
Till the heart of him yearn to her, seeing her so"?  
How should we dream of it, how should we know

That the sea ceased play at the grey earth's knee,  
A song on her mouth and a gift in her eyes,  
For the ages to come and the wooing to be?  
Ere Earth of her magic had wrought the first tree  
The song of the pine-walk was sung at her knee!

And the delicate first little moon in the skies,  
Through the murk of the centuries seeing us here,  
Set flashing her shuttle, and, canopy-wise,  
She wove us a mantle of silver and sighs,  
Ere the darkness had fled from primordial skies!

So the gift has come down to us shining and clear,  
The scheming accomplished, the centuries spanned.  
And the dream that the universe hid and held dear  
Is ours for a lifetime, a day or a year,  
To keep, as it came to us, shining and clear.

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*Love Poems*

---

Oh, the little pine-walk where we wander was planned  
For our wooing full many an aeon ago.  
Ere Time from the plasm with leisurely hand  
Had moulded our bodies or breath in them fanned,  
The little pine-walk for our wooing was planned.

NINA MURDOCH

## THE LOVER SINGS

It is not dark; it is not day;  
The earth lies quivering to the dew:  
Shall we not love her? All men may.

Lo, here a lover passes too!  
Down a green shadowy path he goes,  
And in his hand he bears a rose,  
Still singing that his heart is true.

Creeps the low darkness where the eve  
Growtheth more gloomy; and anon  
The lover sings. And doth he grieve  
For red-lip kisses three days gone?  
Hark how he sings! high heavenly clear,  
Chief messenger of light to cheer  
The brown earth and that bides thereon.

Listen, and we shall leave the earth,  
Brooding no more o'er baser things.  
*My lily love hath rosy worth!*  
*Like to a happy flower she clings!*  
Glories have come up in his eyes—  
Wrapt in a fire he leaps, he flies . . .  
Not for himself the lover sings.

In every loveless lane or way  
Hearts have been heavy, prison-cold:  
For all who only moan and pray  
Still doth he sing—he sang of old,  
Joy-bearer, bard of better things:  
Not for himself the lover sings,  
Singer of Summer uncontrolled.

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*Love Poems*

---

Mourners move onward from the gloom—  
    Not for himself the lover sings:  
Give us, they cry, the buds, the bloom,  
    The long light on our journeyings.  
Star follows star in the dull grey,  
Deep is the dark, it drinks the day:  
    For very love of God he sings.

SHAW NEILSON

## IDEAL AND REAL

'Tis sweet to roam with you where lurks no shame,  
In glades ideal culling dreams for food:  
(But sweeter far to hear you call my name  
With just a wistful something in your mood).

'Tis glorious to frame you, goddess, far, sedate,  
To whom my flames of song delight to curl:  
(But 'tis divine, when, coyly nigh you 'wait  
The hunter who pursues you as a girl).

Sublime that flawless blue, where cold stars shine,  
When you are far, and I Devotion's son:  
(But ah! the warm and rosy flushing wine  
When you are here, and willing to be won!)

BERNARD O'DOWD

## THE GLEANER

You stood with a sheaf in your bare brown hands,  
In the last low light of the setting sun;  
Yellow and gold were the gleaned lands,  
For the harvest days were done.  
And I watched you there in your girlhood's pride,  
A strange new note in a world-old tune;  
In your heart was the glow of October-tide,  
In mine was the chill of June.

The rose that flowered on your warm young face,  
On your lips the clover blossoms half-born,  
And the subtle hint of the lithe, swift grace  
You caught from the moving corn,  
Brought back to me, like a love-dream fleet,  
A sense of the old glad-hearted things,  
A whiff from the years too sadly sweet  
For a man's rememberings.

You stood in the light of the sun, unstirred,  
Perchance in a dream that the days held true;  
What was it?—the call of a secret bird  
When the green earth laughed to the blue;  
When your wayward fancy loved to roam,  
As red as a rose of dawn uncurled,  
Away and over the hills of home  
To the rim of a fairy world?

Alas! that the years grow grey and long;  
Alas! that our dreams prove false and few;  
He is wisest who follows the wild birds' song  
Through the flowers on the hills of blue;  
Who bravely turns at the topmost peak  
To gaze on the weary miles he trod,  
With a heart untired, and a voice to speak  
His praise of the world of God.

My thanks for this hour so deeply true;  
It has sweetened life and its loveless ways;  
Now I turn to the tasks of men—but you  
To the lure of quiet days;  
I turn from the peaceful paths untrod  
By the feet of fame in his tireless quest—  
You gather the blossoms of love that God  
Has dropped on the dark earth's breast.

J. B. O'HARA

## MIRANDA

Miranda! dreaming through the starry night,  
Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,  
Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,  
Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,  
Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain,  
Till, seraph-winged, our wedded soul takes flight.

Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,  
When thirsty boyhood knelt beside the spring  
Of life, and drank her crystal beauty there:  
Not dead—but vanished from the noon tide glare,  
In the deep blue her soul is quivering—  
In thy great tears she'll come to me again.

Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,  
Touched with the light that shines beyond the stars,  
What though her soul to Heaven was dedicate!  
Her woman-heart fled its celestial fate,  
Down-fluttering wildly through earth's passion-bars,  
To find in love her final resting-place.

Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,  
And terror-stricken eyes, wherein there bled  
Immortal love, by mortal anguish slain;  
Wrapped in the splendor of her passion-pain,  
She snatched herself away, and left me dead  
To sorrow—in the wonder of her face.

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*Miranda*

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Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain;  
A lurid flash, in dazzled downpour shriven!  
Wan guiding-stars confounded in black night!  
O Love! until our sundered souls unite  
My heart can never rest, but still is driven  
To find, in seeking thee, that search is vain,

Till, seraph-winged, our wedded soul takes flight,  
Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain,  
Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,  
Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,  
Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,  
Miranda! dreaming through the starry night.

DOWELL O'REILLY

## RONDEAU

I am in love with sea and sun,  
And with the moon, like some pale nun,  
    That smiles in sadness from on high;  
With dawn's rich rose when day is nigh,  
With night's black plumes when day is done.

With each fantastic pattern spun  
By cloud-sprites in their careless fun,  
    Across the blue demesne of sky,  
I am in love.

The stars my deep regard have won,  
The birds that sing when day's begun;  
    I smile to hear the night-wind sigh;  
Spring's charms devour with eager eye,  
Because—the fact I cannot shun—  
    I am in love!

HARRISON OWEN

## THE RETURN

And when the last, last winds have touched the lake,  
A vow upon my age-dead heart I'll take,

    And in that waiting hour when all is still,  
I will come back, my Sweet, for this time's sake.

I will come back, and you! Ah, from what hill,  
What valley, in what world? From good or ill?

    This thing we know: our hearts with love will ache. . . .  
And shall we hear, as now, one late thrush trill?

NETTIE PALMER

## UNSUNG

When shall I make a song for you, my love?  
When you are nigh me?  
Not so, for then the hours unnamed go by me,  
Flocking like dove on dove.

When shall that song for you be found, my mate?  
When I wait lonely?  
Not so, for then am I a mourner only,  
Begging without the gate.

Never in words that happy song will rise  
Yet you will feel it,  
Through days your love makes glad I shall reveal it,  
Through years your love makes wise.

NETTIE PALMER

## I DREAMED OF LOVE

I dreamed of Love and Lover long ago;  
On many a scented night of coming Spring,  
Some cord would break, my window wide I'd fling  
And open wide my heart, and none might know;  
I gazed at night and felt the new sap flow.

The footsteps that might my True Love bring  
The moon was not for me, nor the white wing  
Of cloud that shelters lovers: hushed below  
I dreamed of Love.

And then by seas and lands you found me, mate;  
Out of the flickering world my man I knew,  
For me the nights of early Spring are great  
With ever-growing love that conquers fate:  
Then long ago 'twas when I groped for you  
I dreamed of Love.

NETTIE PALMER

## LYNETTE

The wind still sighs thy name, Lynette;

“Lynette”—across the blue lagoon

The troubled waters whisper yet,

Below the ghostly moon.

Would God I might forget—forget

That golden noon—

The waters—and thine eyes, Lynette!

O golden noon of long ago!

The upland reapers bound the sheaves;

The gentle winds went to and fro

Among the lilies and the leaves;

A bird sang, piercing-sweet, below

The forest eaves,

A plaint of passion, love, and woe.

His song was one with mine, Lynette.

“Lynette! Lynette!” it throbbed and shrilled,

An ecstasy of passion, set

To rarer notes than ever thrilled

The heart with love’s sweet sorrow yet.

The song is stilled,

The bird is flown—and thou, Lynette?

We parted in the dying day;

The West a rose of fire became,

Where cloudy bastions, looming grey,

Burned awful lights of blood and flame;

Like lurid torches o’er thy way,

And twilight came

To bar the gates on lingering Day.

But dawn revealed a dreary strand—  
Grey marsh and sky, and piping wind;  
Storm stooping o'er a wasted land;  
While pallid Day crept up behind  
The flats of ooze, and salt, and sand,  
And brooded blind,  
And chill and sunless on the land.

Our marriage-morn was in the sky,  
The sun across the dreary plain,  
Blinked once, a baleful, blood-red eye,  
And sank into the mists again.  
And there, O God! I saw thee lie  
In drifting rain,  
And moaning winds went hurrying by.

O! what a bridal, Love, was this!  
I held thee close and close, for sign  
Death could not cheat us of our bliss,  
I swear thy heart-beats answered mine,  
Thy cold lips gave me kiss for kiss.  
Was ever shrine,  
Or marriage-altar like to this?

Oh! Rose of Eden, mute and meek,  
I made my marriage vows alone;  
My tears upon thy pure, pale cheek,  
Thy cold hands clasped within my own;  
And answer, were there one to seek,  
Thy lips had shown,  
That smiled, and smiled, but would not speak.

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*Love Poems*

---

And still thy spirit walks, Lynette,  
A gracious ghost, below the moon.  
A thousand seasons of regret,  
A thousand years were all too soon,  
To bid this lonely heart forget  
That golden noon—  
The waters—and thine eyes, Lynette.

ISABEL MAUD PEACOCKE

## THE LUTE

(Mon cœur est un luth suspendu  
Sitot, qu'on le touche, il résonne.)

Respond, my heart, to all the sounds of Earth  
That echo through the circle of the years;  
The human voice of pain at death and birth,  
The laugh of children, and an old man's tears.

Sigh with the wandering winds that loiter by,  
And tune thy resonant murmur to the sea,  
Throb to the beat of drums when war is nigh,  
And join the storm's majestic harmony,

But if Love's passionate hand thy strings should sweep,  
And his compelling voice resound in thee—  
Softly! my heart,—nor thrill too deep,—too deep  
Lest in thy rapture, thou should'st shattered be!

H. POWER

### NOBODY KNOWS.

Nobody knows, but I know,  
Deep where the heart-love lies,  
Why, at the scent of the violet  
The tears spring to my eyes.

Away in the dusky woodlands  
Mourneth a lonely thrush;  
The sun is red in the beeches,  
The shades of evening hush.

Nobody knows, but I know,  
She is sleeping soft and sound,  
Her quiet hands are folded,  
Her golden hair is bound.

Far off in the quiet valley  
Murmurs a homing dove,  
His music can tell his meaning,  
But I cannot tell my love.

Nobody knows, but I know,  
Maybe she hears my song,  
For the grasses bending over her  
Whisper it all day long.

MRS. L. J. RENTOUL

## SUPERSTITES ROSAE.

The grass is green upon her grave,  
The West wind whispers low:  
"The corn is changed, come forth, come forth,  
Ere all the blossoms go!"

In vain. Her laughing eyes are sealed,  
And cold her sunny brow;  
Last year she smiled upon the flowers—  
They smile above her now!

RICHARD ROWE

## THE WIDOWER

I dreamed last night that you came back to me,  
In all your wondrous beauty as of old,  
When we two sojourned in a land of gold,  
Happy, not knowing ill things soon to be.  
Yet through that radiance might I dimly see  
Writ on your brow a mystery untold,  
Knowledge of wonders man may not behold  
Before he brave the illimitable sea.

And now I know you will come back no more.  
That far horizon you have overpassed  
Must hide you from my longing till at last  
I too shall venture forth into the night,  
Nor may you heed me where I walk the shore,  
Dazed with the wonder of a lost delight.

S. TALBOT SMITH

## IRISH LORDS

The clover burr was two feet high, and the billabongs were full;  
The brolgas danced a minuet, and the world seemed made of wool;  
The nights were never wearisome, and the days were never slow,  
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

The rime was on the barley-grass as we passed the homestead rails;  
A Darling jackass piped us in, with his trills and turns and scales;  
And youth and health and carelessness sat on the saddle bow—  
And Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness, and the Fates were fair and kind;  
We drank the very wine of life, and we never looked behind;  
And Mary! Mary, everywhere, went flitting to and fro,  
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

The window of her dainty bower, where the golden banksia grew,  
Stared like a dead man's glazing eye, and the roof had fallen through.  
No violets in her garden bed. And her voice—Hushed, long ago!  
When last we camped at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

CHARLES HENRY SOUTER

## THE SAMFIRE FLATS.

Do you ever wish you was back agin on the Samfire Flats,  
Eliza?

Do you ever think of the limestone 'ut on the Samfire  
Flats, my dear?

You've been a long time gone, an' you was never a one for  
writin',

An' we 'aven't 'ad no news of you for gettin' on a year.

Do you recollect the old log by the big bend on the river?

Do you ever fancy you're settin' there with me, like you  
uster do?

—I seen some "So long, Marys," a-growin' down there last  
Sunday;

I was settin' there an' thinkin' till it seemed like you was  
there too.

An' the silver beet in the garden's comin' up first-rate,  
Eliza;

An' old Moll's a foal by Darkey as'll make a A.1 'ack;

An' I've cleared a bit of the mallee by the big Majuba sand  
'ill,

An' Daisy's 'eifer's blown 'erself. She got to Thomp-  
son's stack.

But it's awful quite and lonely now at the Samfire Flats,  
Eliza;

It's ter'ble quite and lonely since you left us in the Spring;  
An' the sun don't shine so bright, since, nor the flowers  
ain't near so pretty,

An' the earth don't seem to smell so sweet, an' the birds  
don't seem to sing.

---

*The Samfire Flats*

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An' oh! w'en are you comin' 'ome agin to the Samfire  
Flat's, Eliza?

W'en are you comin' 'ome agin to the limestone 'ut, my  
dear?

You've been a long time gone, an' you was never a one for  
writin',

An' we 'aven't 'ad no news of you for gettin' on a year!

CHARLES HENRY SOUTER

## HER CHARMS

God made the stars, those gems of night,  
That strew the pathway of the skies;  
Then stooped, and with the self-same light  
He made a woman's eyes.

God spake and all Heaven's arches rang,  
As angels cried, "Rejoice, rejoice!"  
Again He stooped, and, as they sang,  
He made a woman's voice.

God sent forth constancy, faith, trust,  
And hope, to play on earth their part;  
They met, and mixed with human dust,  
And formed a woman's heart.

God said, "Lo! I will touch the earth  
With holy fire." From heaven above  
The fire came down and found its birth  
In woman's deathless love.

ALFRED G. WATERWORTH



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